

THE CARMELITE

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FESTIVAL BRINGS DISAPPOINTMENT AND DELIGHT

The Golden Bough was crowded to its limits on Sunday afternoon for the Christmas Festival,—grownups, children, and firemen in official uniform. In the foyer stood a Christmas tree all silver light. Cathedral candles stood at the doors. And behind the dark stage curtain an orchestra was tuning.

But it will have to be confessed that disappointment met them. The music began, faint behind the two heavy curtains. There were voices singing, but the words were swallowed up in the intervening space. Somewhere behind them an orchestra tuned and began to play.

The audience kept a courteous and attentive silence. When would something really begin? The dress rehearsal behind the scenes must be just a preliminary to something else?

At last, after long music, the curtains parted, the tableau stood revealed. The annunciation. The children in the audience gave a long sigh of delight.

The curtains closed. Music began again. By now the audience began to grow a little restless. Waiting for the next tableau, it chatted quietly, the children wriggled discreetly, the music went on.

There were four tableaux; the rest was inaudible music. If we write complainingly, it is because we want next year's festival to be so much better.

But there was one thing which can be told with delight. And that is, how finely and faithfully all groups got together to do this communal piece of work. However restless the audience in the theatre may have felt, there were chorus and orchestra, directors and sub-directors, who were happy, anxious, and exhilaratedly cooperative, back stage. And dozens of children patiently stood in a small space, glowing and lifting their faces as they sang, or moving forward in the wings to see the tableaux. One of the wise men took off his beard and set

VALDEZ, NEW MEXICO



WOODCUT BY ESTHER BRUTON

CHRIST - BIRTH

No darkest season narrows to its close
But harbours at the shining core, the seed.
The year lays down its sacrificial leaves
Upon the bitter ground, only to cover
The first white rootlet breaking its way to Spring.
The heart, weighted with winter pain
Must break before the birth;
And in the loneliest hour
Pass a sharp milestone once again
Uncharted by a star.

—Dora Hagemeyer

his lips to his flute, waiting for his cue. Everything was done with marked impersonality, without a sense of individual glory, and for the sake of the thing as a whole, the subordination of persons to a community undertaking.

Next year's festival will be more perfectly achieved. This year's has shown

holes in showmanship and knowledge of audience psychology. But certainly the spirit underlying the undertaking the community Christmas Festival in Carmel has been good to share. To the receivers, the audience, falls the function of critic; but it is the givers, the doers, who have the real fun always.

Carmel News

TWO YOUNG PIANISTS GIVE PLEASURE

Mary Ingels and Mary Walker, playing two piano-music last week at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, provided a charming picture as they stepped forth upon the stage from opposite sides, in their twin peasant costumes from Roumania.

Their music was a suite by Arensky. They played this light composition with delicacy, dynamic contrast, and a remarkable unity between the two instruments. The oneness of the two players was in fact astonishing. The synchronization was literally almost flawless,—and had an inner unity which was certainly intuitive rather than mathematical.

If there was a tendency toward over-phrasing, toward over-expressiveness, this will undoubtedly be overcome before these young pianists have seen many seasons. For the stuff of artists is in them. It will be a pleasure to hear a complete two-piano recital of their playing.

David Alberto, under whose direction their work has been prepared, when asked if it was his genius or theirs that had brought them to such musical unity, answered, "I didn't have to do a thing with them. It was all there."

IN THEY BROUGHT THE WASSAIL BOWL

Children at the Douglas School, in Pebble Beach, planted a real Christmas tree in the forest last Friday, after their morning caroling, to make up for the tree cut down for their festival. The great hall of the school, beamed with heavy twelve-inch rafters, looked like an ancient manorial hall, as the procession of youngsters came in singing the Wassail Song, with a trumpeter lifting his trumpet high, and another boy following with a boar's head on a platter. Then followed the steaming Wassail Bowl and the carolers, singing.

The school opens again on January seventh for the new term.

DANGER TO THE TREES OF LOBOS

The tree-moss which beards the trees of California in many areas is a picturesque thing, but it is also a menace. A tree which it takes unto itself will die within ten years or so. Between Salinas and Santa Barbara the state road passes through several groves of these,—dead trees, with the moss remaining as witness to cause and effect.

The trees of Lobos have now been marked by this moss as its prey. Slowly it is diminishing their life. In a few more years.....

To save a tree from tree-moss it is

necessary to pick off every shred by hand,—a heavy task when a forest is well under way toward death. But it is not only worth doing, but necessary to do, for in a century or so it could, unchecked, destroy the oaks of California.

Unless departments of State Parks, or Conservation Commissions, take active steps in this matter, we shall need action as immediately as possible from our own local administrations, if we are to save the trees of Point Lobos.

EDWARD WESTON ON THE WAY

Edward Weston is coming to Carmel for an indefinite stay, arriving early in January. He will occupy the Hagemeyer studio, with his son Bret Weston.

Weston is known over the country as a significant creative force in the art of photography. His work has been shown in museums and galleries as outstanding. His choice of subject matter is startling and bold; his use of it also.

In recent years Weston has spent most of his time in Mexico City. He chose this partly because of the light of that region, which gives joy to the artist working in black and white and shadow. He chose it also partly because the life of Mexico has a simplicity, a relaxation, which he finds good.

Weston's own personality has both intensity and quietness. These qualities combine to give a certain incandescence which is the sign of the artist whose interior fires burn constantly. The difference between a photographer and Edward Weston lies in the passion with which Weston approaches his work.

As for his son Brett, this youth has already done brilliant work in the same field. He has, like his father, a genius for the composition of spaces. It is therefore totally irrelevant that we remember him as a youngster not many years ago, a pupil in the Walt Whitman School in Los Angeles. The children were out in the garden, digging and planting. As it was a modern school, there was no teacher about at their elbows, and they were working freely and alone. Suddenly Brett's younger brother gave a shout of rage. Tears coursed down his cheeks.

"Why, what it is? What is it?"

"I was looking for my onion to plant in my garden... my own onion... and Brett is eating it!"

* * * *

We remember too another characteristic bit about Weston pere. In New York City there is a man who first made photography an acknowledged art. Alfred Stieglitz. Paul Rosenfeld has called him a Whitman working in the medium of light.

Edward Weston had admired, had loved with the love of a fellow-craftsman, the

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work of Stieglitz. Perhaps there was something of worship in his attitude. He wanted to see Stieglitz. He was very poor; but he had somehow or other just enough money to take him to New York and back,—not a scrap more.

He took a train from Los Angeles to New York. He arrived there in the morning. He went directly to Stieglitz,—who at that time had never heard of him. They talked; they looked at one another's work; they became friends.

That evening Weston took the train back to Los Angeles.

He arrived five days later perfectly quiet and happy. He had seen Stieglitz. They were friends. What more could one ask of New York?

THEATRE GUILD PLANS

The Carmel Theatre Guild through its president, Bert Heron, announces as its program for the year, the production of a limited number of plays of a high order, and fortnightly readings of plays open to all members. It also contemplates the publication at intervals not yet announced to some sort of a periodical of the theatre, the first issue to appear in January.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE COMMUNITY

A shop window, while its purpose is one of publicity, may also be a work of art. Hazel Watrous has designed the window of the Porcelain Shop, with its tiny silver Christmas tree, and its giant candles. This window is laughing. It is having an awfully good time being a jolly and delicious window. The only wares for sale in the window are a delicate teaset with deer leaping about the cups,—undoubtedly Christmas reindeer.

This picture is Caroline Kimball's contribution to Carmel at Christmas time. If we were a small boy or a small girl, we should hasten over to that window to press our noses flat against that cool pane of holiday enchantment.

FRAGILE. HANDLE WITH CARE

Owners of pedigreed dogs and other rare fauna of Carmel come in to the editorial office occasionally to grieve over things. Now it is glassware. There is too much glassware on the landscape. Glassware with points and edges. Finely-bred and delicately-footed dogs step upon these jagged bits, cut their feet, and bleed. And then what are they to do at the dog show?

Their human friends therefore ask that all broken glassware hereafter be kept within bounds, and within doors.

WINTER LANDSCAPE

After the rains there's good duck hunting up the coast a few miles,—and on a holiday morning you'll see the hunters, bags slung over their shoulders and guns carried cocked, stalking softly in heavy boots through the swamp-sedges. The coloring in the landscape is clear and rainwashed. The sedges purple and red. Crispness in the air. Exhilaration.

The ducks rise gently. A shot explodes; a bird falls; the hunter wades out, picks up the limp thing, once lovely; watches the eyes glaze over.

Up in the redwoods, in deer season... you lie for hours waiting. And then when the deer come leaping by, exquisite in the rhythm of their movement, you pot them. They are not as nice to look at when they are dead as when they leaped through the forest.

There are still human beings in parts of the world who eat other human beings. We of the "civilized" world, we the readers of the Saturday Evening Post, we the buyers of radios, automobiles, and vacuum sweepers, deprecate this. We have passed through such savagery.

The next step is obvious. As games and sports have been substituted for the murderous combat of man against man, so a substitute can be found for the hunting of other animals more beautiful than man.

We propose that when a man feels in himself that thirst which hunting alone satisfies, he take, instead of a gun into a forest, an axe into his drawing room. If he has a thirst for really big game, let him begin upon the Steinway. I will be great sport to hack at that, for there's so much resistance in the hardwood. It is really more difficult than shooting.

If however mere duck hunting has sufficed, let him attack only the smaller ware of the room, the Chinese lacquers, the handmade pottery. Or let him hack up the textiles with scissors. For all of these can be replaced. But no one can bring back, once the eyes have glazed and the body stiffened, the joy and the beauty which were in the flight of the living bird, the acute gladness which shone from its bright living eyes.

London theatres of Queen Elizabeth's day were closed whenever deaths from the plague reached about thirty in a week.

A dog doubles its weight in the first eight days of life, whereas a baby takes six months to double its weight.

Is life so long, is the mind so dull, is there so little to see and do and feel and know, that we must waste the unique (if diabolical) gift of consciousness in silly games?
—Richard Aldington.

Personal Bits . .

Frank Sheridan was holding forth on Ocean Avenue the other day, shortly after his return from the east.

"There was a time," he said, "when I would have spurned with dignity any offer to play a season, or even a part of a season, in 'the sticks.' Nothing but the big cities for mine.

"Now it would take a mighty fine part to pull me out of 'the sticks' to play a season in New York. New York is a cross between a boiler-factory and a bargain-sale crush. Chicago is the same, with a fire-sale added, and the fire still smoking.

"A long season in the sticks of Carmel is my idea of peace on earth."

"How did the election suit them back east?" someone asked.

"Fine," replied Sheridan. "Everyone satisfied. The Republicans happy in putting Hoover across; the Democrats happy in rolling up a fifteen or sixteen million vote against something or other. They don't agree who or what was protested. Some say hooch, others high tariff; and many seem to think it was against either the eighth, the eleventh, or the twenty-ninth amendment.

"But I managed to find out the reason for the tremendous liking for Hoover by the populace. The American people are very fond of mystery stories."

With that Sheridan left us.

Allan Bier, the San Francisco pianist, has taken the Mary Bulkely cottage on Casanova for the holidays; and made music at the Blackman's on Christmas Day.

Robert Rowe, poet and former newspaper editor, who has been for some time in the south, is again in Carmel and Monterey.

The Douglas School is the scene this week of a reunion of the summer's camp girls, thirty-six of whom have come up from the south for the holidays. They will go up into the mountains for a big bat, and to see wild horse-bucking and polo at Will Tevis's ranch.

Mrs. Kent Clark and Kay and June are in Carmel over the Christmas holidays in their home on San Antonio. Mrs. Clark reports that the new Sir Francis Drake Hotel in San Francisco of which her husband is Manager is doing so well that guests have to stand in line to get the dining room.

Mr. W. Siwart Smit has been in the north for some months, ill with a nervous breakdown. He is now so far recovered that

Mrs. Smit and their daughter Katherine will leave Carmel next week in order to be near him and to see him occasionally.

Mrs. Yvonne Navas-Rey had as her guest over the holidays several friends from San Francisco, including Herbert Diamant, in whose honor she gave a bright party during the week.

Many were of course in Carmel for the holidays,—from the Tooker family, visiting Mrs. Fulton on Casanova, to Celia Seymour, dry-point etcher, and Halldis Stabell, lecturer on physical education. Young Edith and Henry Dickinson came down from college; Preston McCrossen the painter rejoined his wife and children. There were many half-familiar, and quite unfamiliar, faces to be seen about,—Carmel sharing its landscape and its beauty with the rest of the world.

Archibald McLeish, the brother of our Carmel McLeish, is a most distinguished poet. Of his latest work, Hamlet, Louis Untermeyer says that it is not only one of the strangest compositions of McLeish, but one of the most curious poems any American has written, and one of the most disturbing.

SEEN ON OCEAN AVENUE

The Planning Commission planning.

A second experimental culvert gratefully experimenting on Seventh.

Mr. Payne proudly watching his pavement not getting torn up by the rain. (Mr. Payne is first owner of Carmel's first experimental culvert.)

Fred Buck leaving the Blue Bird to deal with small Barbara's demands. She starts laughing the minute she sees him, too (This wise youngest generation.)

Mr. Alberto looking like the producer of a play on first night at the duo piano performance at the Golden Bough.

Mr. Durham without Bobby.

Someone calling a pet "Just-Plain-Jane."

Ray Boynton in spats and cane.

Shop assistants heaving sighs of relief that Christmas comes but once a year.

Fred Leidig sporting the latest show model Buick around town.

Lovejoy keenly searching countenances as they walk in the Post Office. (No he hasn't missed a diamond pin. He is merely looking for caricaturable material.)

Carmel writers doing their million words.

Mr. Ernest Schweningen without a wild duck.



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The Arts . . .

A MUSICIAN PROTESTS THE RADIO

At a recent meeting of the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco some hundreds of guests applauded a speech made by a representative of the Standard Oil Company, concerning the "educational" radio programs which that company is so altruistically providing, backed by a selling organization which is proud to announce that the radio is now entering the California public schools en masse. The speaker illustrated his talk with a sample of one of these educational programs. Musical people who heard this were unspeakably shocked to hear a typical radio voice utter banalities in introduction of three "radio artists" who were completely without musical sensitiveness. The audience in general however was delighted. . . "wonderful that the children of the country are now to have the opportunity of getting a musical education over the radio!"

Certainly the machine age has destroyed us, and we are already lost,—if only a few are left who know that a radio experience of music has about as little relation to a real and vital participation in it, as a moving picture has to the real experience of love.

There are many degrees of intensity of music. The most intense is of course that of musical creation,—the invention, the composition, of new musical ideas. The epitome of this is the spontaneous song of the primitive, the great shout, which accompanies some deeply-felt interior event.

Next in intensity is the singing of any music other than that spontaneously created. Singing is simply setting the whole body in vibration. To play an instrument which is not one's own body is of course to lose, to some extent, a part of that experience of BEING the music oneself. Yet there is great joy, tactual, physical, in a free playing of a truly responsive instrument,—a violin, or a fine piano. The hand feels an intense joy. The finger-tips exult. Yes literally. This is somehow true, although perhaps only the musician can know it.

How far removed from one's own making of music is the hearing of it from another player! The step from performer to listener is from activity to passivity,—except for the relatively few who do listen with passion.

Radio listening means the death of musical experience. For it is not only totally and emptily passive,—but it means hearing under conditions the most musically sterile. After all, there is a very great deal to the visual side of music, the direct relation between artist and hearer. We saw as well as heard what Kreisler played; we

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felt the powerful communication of his own feeling. To the ear two records of the same composition may be alike; yet to see them played, to be in the presence of the artist, adds immeasurably to the depth of experience, and proves a musical difference between them after all.

But a radio can be set anywhere. The essential element lacking with the radio is "atmosphere." This is after all the factor to which children most respond. This is the spirit. Radio music at best provides the letter without the spirit... and rarely even the letter. We solemnly prophesy that a generation of children brought up on the musical nourishment of even the most selected programs will be nearly devoid of musical discrimination or sensitiveness, and perhaps totally devoid of the capacity for utter response, for complete and creative musical experience.

The radio has a function... but not until it is acoustically flawless; and not until it is directed by an organization of supreme artists; not until it can in some way provide a true "atmosphere;" and finally, not until it can give the hearer some way of active participation, can it serve to develop a musical people.

The Pacific Coast

THE BERKELEY MUSEUM

A new art museum has recently been opened in Berkeley with an exhibit showing the progress of painting in the last hundred years. This is an exceedingly interesting sequence, passing through the influences of Cezanne and Renoir to the present moderns. Many of the later works have been introduced in this country by the indefatigable discoverer of artists, Madame G. E. Scheyer, who first made known in this country the work of The Blue Four,—the painters Kandinsky, Klee, Feininger, and Jawlensky. She did this against the natural resistance of conservative minds; and in her lectures before university groups developed a capacity to see understandingly the work of these contemporaries. She made the work of these artists intelligible to their own generation. Among the works shown in the new museum at Berkeley are a few by a painter not before known in this country,—by name Moholy-Nagy. These are purely geometric design, abstractions, with no subject matter whatever. They somewhat approach architecture. They have a distinct emotional content, which is felt through the majesty of their proportions. If the word "beauty" had not been banned by modern artists we should wish to use it strongly in speaking of these paintings. The paintings of Moholy-Nagy depict nothing whatever. Yet they are vast in feeling. They refresh and quiet the spirit.

—p. g. s.

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World News

The announcement that the Vatican and Mussolini have come to an agreement recognizing the sovereignty of the Papal State recalls an incident in the Peace negotiations which followed the World War. The writer of these lines was in Rome for a few weeks during the Armistice and was asked by a representative of the United States Government to take a verbal message from the Pope to the American Peace-makers in Paris. Consenting, he was invited to call upon an American Churchman in the entourage of the Pope. This prelate, a very simple, understanding gentleman, said that the Catholic Church wished to convey to the Peace Conference an assurance and to make a request. The assurance was that the Church was through with all ambition to exercise temporal power; it was reconciled completely to a policy of spiritual service. In order to be able always to maintain its spiritual relations with the world of men, whether in peace or in war, the Church realized that it must be free under all conditions to come and go. It could not be closed into Rome by the state of war that Italy was in, and the world; it should not have its visitors and its emissaries subject to the passport and other regulations of Italy. The Pope and the Church of Rome wished to be accessible to Catholics always and able to send forth its priests and its representatives at any time; even during a war; especially during a war.

Wherefore this high priest asked the Peace Conference to arrange with Italy that the Roman Catholic Church might have an island near the coast of Italy, or a free port of its own or a corridor from Rome to a harbor on the Mediterranean, where the Church could regulate its passport business, collect duties on imports, etc. And with this request went the declaration against temporal power. The message, a bid for spiritual sovereignty, was taken to Paris and delivered to the statesman designated to receive it.

So far as the writer knows, nothing was done at the time about this. The Premiers seem to have had enough to do and the Papal petition was ignored. Ten years have passed and now, apparently, the Pope has achieved a part of his purpose from Mussolini. The agreement, as reported, follows, abbreviated:

Italy recognizes the existence of the Papal State, the boundary lines of which will include the present Vatican territory and certain surrounding extensions.

The Papal State, however, shall have no corridor to the sea.

A special railway station will be built

within the Vatican borders.

All of the embassies of foreign nations represented at the Papal court will be moved into the Vatican.

Italy will name an ambassador to the Holy See.

Customs duties will be exacted by the new Papal State, but the collection of such customs will be entrusted to the present Italian administration.

The Vatican agrees to accept the money which has been set aside by the Italian government yearly since 1870 to recompense the Pope for his territorial losses in 1870.

Captain Sir Hubert Wilkins, in a high flight over a selected region of the Antarctic, has discovered that Graham Land is separated from the main land by a strait; he mapped six small islands. Our picture of the earth's surface is being completed and some of our true sports are having some fun.

President Coolidge has signed the Boulder Dam bill, which marks a victory for the liberals in this country. They are congratulating one another as if the war were won. It isn't. The Power Trust will fight on, and on. It has a standing army; we have only volunteers. And the Trust is after the children in the schools, knowing what they are to be taught; we don't know what to teach the recruits and would not permit it to be taught if we did know.

—Lincoln Steffens

Peter's Paragraphs

A step forward in the development of etiquette was taken last week when Miss Duvie Braswell refused an invitation to attend an electrocution. Whitey Shepherd of Georgia, sentenced to die, asked that the lady come and see his execution. "She may then take back her lies" which he declares she told against him on the witness stand. Her reported answer from his cell was that she was too much of a lady to watch a gentleman being electrocuted.

Henry Ford came out against thrift last week.

Berlin reports that the Kaiser's sister, Princess Victoria, is to lecture in the United States and Europe for a month; her honorarium is to be \$240,000. Pretty high play, but worth it. A princess on the platform may make lecturing respectable.

Professor James E. Dunlap has discovered

mosaics and pictures showing that the Greeks swam with the modern "crawl" stroke.

A device to eliminate airplane motor noise with no reduction of power is being tested by the Navy Department.

Vast fields of pumice and volcanic ash on the surface of the South Seas between the Fiji and Tonga Islands indicate a new submarine volcano and perhaps the birth of a new island in the Pacific, like Falcon Island, which emerged 120 miles to the southeast about a year ago.

Last week Fremont Older spoke over the radio about the Mooney case. He explained once more how the judge who sentenced Mooney, the jury who convicted him, the policemen who testified against him have all admitted that they were in the wrong, that Mooney is to their certain belief innocent and that he should be freed. The chief witnesses for the prosecution have long ago admitted perjury and it is proved to any honest mind, any unprejudiced mind, any mind that has no axe to grind that an innocent man is being kept in prison for a crime for which he has been eleven years unjustly imprisoned.

Representations have been made to Governor Young ever since he came into office. Private conferences, private appeals, public petitions. Deputations of lawyers, journalists, and laymen have pled with him. The Governor answers Mr. Older's radio talk (given only after innumerable appeals had been made in private and public alike and all in vain) by saying somewhat testily that he will not be "railroaded" into granting a pardon when he is not convinced that the man is innocent.

Noone has attempted to railroad, and pains have been taken to ask the Governor to decide on nothing but the evidence; evidence which has convinced as able and informed men as President Wilson, Professor Felix Frankfurter of Harvard University and the legal men and laymen connected with the trial, of a mishandling of justice. Yet the people of California have still to bear the shame and the strain of seeing such a miscarriage. Are they represented by their Governor in this matter?

SCHNEEVOIGT AND THE LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA WILL TOUR

The Los Angeles Philharmonic orchestra will tour the coast this spring with its conductor, the Finn, Georg Schneevoigt. It will be heard in Bakersfield, San Jose, and points east and north as far as Vancouver and Salt Lake City on the most ambitious tour of its history.

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Editorials . . .

THE SLEEPERS BEGIN TO AWAKE

The mysterious Committee of forty, which last year selected our new council members, has had a long long nap. During the summer it dwindled to a Committee of about Two, and finally to a Committee of None.

But now it begins to stir again. There are rumors. There are rumbles. What about the library situation, some want to know? What about our City Council? What, above all, about our City Planning Commission which never meets?

Upon the City Council only one member of the three who were elected last year reflects the civic attitudes of the electors. This is Mrs. Jessamine Rockwell, a sturdy yet a lonely figure at the council meetings. She is the insurgent, the protesting member. Yet she can do nothing without support from the civically-minded members of the community. Her only function now is a negative one,—that of blocking council action which she distrusts.

If we were called upon to say who are the effective civic minds of the town, we should be hard put to it to answer. Apparently no one in Carmel is at present applying thinking or imagination useful to its problems of roads and community planning. The Council lacks,—what is it?—either intelligence, imagination, or conviction. The City Planning Commission is sabotaging. The term of office of Mr. William P. Silva has run out; the mayor wishes to reappoint him; the coun-

cil will not ratify the appointment; the mayor will not appoint any other; Mr. Silva therefore continues in office.

We mention this not to protest against Mr. Silva; but to illustrate the lethargy of our civic bodies.

We obviously need an association of some sort among the citizens of the community to make suggestions to the Council and the Planning Commission,—to do their thinking for them. Such an organization could be exceedingly effective in a town as small as this, in which there are individuals of leisure, energy, and civic experience, capable of good workmanship in the building of a true community.

Our energies here have run in channels seasonally and as though by chance. For years they were much given to dramatic activity. The arts in various forms distribute the energies of many individuals here, effectively and ineffectively. Some of these individuals are actually in search, consciously or unconsciously, of causes to which to give themselves. If not the drama, then a Christmas Festival, or the school.

Some of these energies would find use as well as satisfaction in a non-partisan organization functioning in town affairs,—thinking and achieving a community of high type. It is time the Committee of Forty awoke, stretched, and organized a non-partisan Civic League of some sort.

A prototype of this would be the civic committee, for instance, of the Chicago City Club, which has had an influence upon the planning and execution of the Chicago City Plan, the development of its city park system, the development of the water front for public use,—the conception and initiation of many ideas which are "idealistic" rather than commercially motivated.

Carmel has now reached an age, or a state, at which a plan for its future is necessary. The present Council deems itself elected subject to a policy of "keeping Carmel a village still." They are afraid, for instance, of the wrath of the people if they put in good roads. It is obvious that roads which would keep it a village also precipitate themselves downhill into deep ravines at every heavy rain.

Solemnly, and with their tongues in their cheeks, our realtors nod their heads affirming the slogan, Keep Carmel a Village Still. Of course Carmel can no more be kept a village than you can keep a kitten a kitten. Unless first you turn the realtors out of town, and then additionally make it impossible to buy property in this community and throughout the peninsula.

Our problem is no longer how to keep Carmel a village; but how to keep the spirit of the village in a young, growing city. This will include:

Respecting the beauty of the landscape, and the natural growth of tree and underbrush. Keeping the

THE CARMELITE, December 26, 1928

spirit of its life, simple and natural. This simplicity and this naturalness can be expressed in its architecture, which should never then become monumental; and in many other charming ways.

In the end, it involves inventing a new kind of community, which varies fundamentally from the pattern set by the average successful American city. It is a task for real imaginations.

Correspondence

From a Baltimore psychologist:

Dear Editor,

I like the wood cuts of Virginia Tooker especially the one in No. 43. I also like very much the children's stories. Do you edit them? Are they more or less literal or are they a little doctored?

(We are glad this question has come up. There has been both disapproval and approval of our Youngest Set. Carl Sandburg wrote and said we printed more "honest to God" baby talk than any paper he read. And that is what our Youngest Set is meant to be. Honest to God. We started the column with one objective only—to let the children say it. No word is ever altered in any anecdote or incident, each one happened as reported. We think it important to get a child's unadulterated view of things, particularly of grown-up habits and institutions. A child's point of view is one of the very few things left in the world unspoiled by man's mind, man's prejudices, man's intellect, man's allpervading meddlesome intruding interfering fingers. It is the only fresh, original, and therefore true mirror of criticism left us. We would not dare edit our children's remarks.)

From San Francisco artist:

Dear Editor

Bravo Carmelite!***!! When you do things like the Jeffers issue you give thrills and delight to an expectant and admiring host. There is something so utterly refreshing about the little paper anyway; we are never disappointed in you, and when you give us such a grand Christmas present as the last special number with such a grand subject treated in such a grand breezy way; we thank you by reading every line (including advertisements) as we would a personal missive from a dear friend. Gossip, as you make it (clean and harmless, but never trite) is the supreme indoor sport. We congratulate you!!!

I might add (I hope without dimming the luster of my appreciation) that the one bit of text I took exception to was that of James Rorty. There were some subtle digs and hints of hidden motives

that seemed so out of place; so unnecessary to the subject. His article reminds me strongly of an invading worm in a luscious apple. It's not your fault but I could not let it go by without comment, as several elements brushed rather close. Again Bravo!! and good luck for other years to come, and may there be more special issues on your publication program.

December 19, 1928.

The Book Club of California
San Francisco

Dear Editor,

It is far from my wish to engage in controversy, particularly during this holiday season, but certain passages in the contribution of my good friend James Rorty to your Jeffers Number deserve notice, otherwise a wrong impression will be allowed to stand. I have in mind his several references to The Book Club of California.

I am fairly familiar with the activities of the Book Club, having served on its Board of Directors since it was organized in 1912, and having been Chairman of its Publication Committee during the period when it sponsored the publications to which Mr. Rorty refers.

To those unacquainted with the Club and its purposes, your contributor's remarks might convey the impression that the organization is engaged in the nefarious business of exploiting western writers, presumably for its own gain. This would assuredly be a wrong impression. In the first place, the Club is strictly non-commercial in all its activities, and at no time in its history has the making of profits from authors or from anyone else been one of its purposes. What the Club has aimed to do has been to follow the enthusiasm of its members for well printed editions of the works of western authors, and, so far as its limited finances and membership permitted, to aid toward bringing about recognition in the west of the poets and prose writers who are making such substantial contributions to our western literature.

My friend Rorty suggests that we could have been of more use to western letters if, instead of waiting until 1928 to bring out our selection of Robinson Jeffers' poems, we had published "Tamar" five years ago. He is quite right, and I for one very much regret that we did not do just that. The only difficulty is that we did not know about "Tamar" five years ago, and I am sorry that Jim failed to bring it to our attention.

Concerning "Continent's End," the anthology of contemporary California poets which we published in 1925, I cannot agree that it accomplished "practically nothing." It brings together the work of more than 100 California poets, the great majority of whom were still comparatively unknown. To have his work

selected for inclusion in such an anthology was, I believe, a very real stimulation to many a struggling young poet and an evidence that his work was not unregarded in his own state. Out of its slender resources, the Club distributed more than 100 copies of this \$15.00 publication among the contributors. It has always been a source of regret to me that the three editors received no financial compensation for their fine and unselfish work. It was our plan to induce some eastern publisher to issue a lower-priced trade edition of the book for general distribution, the royalties from which were to go to the editors and the contributors. Unfortunately, we were unable to interest any eastern publisher in the project, although a number of us tried to do so, Mr. Rorty included.

Please do not consider this an "answer" to an "attack." It is merely intended to correct a wrong impression that might be gained by your readers from certain passages in friend Rorty's pointed and always interesting comments. Permit me to congratulate you on the splendid success of the Jeffers Number. It is an excellent achievement, a fine and stirring tribute to one of the mighty figures in our American literature.

Sincerely yours,

Albert M. Bender.

To the editor of the Carmelite:

Concerning the moving picture, "The Wedding March," shown last week at the Golden Bough, you quoted the statements, "No one can afford to miss this picture... It is one of the most beautiful pictures I have ever seen," as authoritative.

Trusting I went. I saw a picture thickly ugly, so coarse, so unmitigatedly crude, that it was sheer distress to sit through it. One does not enjoy living in a world with people who have faces like this, who behave like this, who are as dull-witted as this. It would be miserable if the assumption of the producers, that this sort of thing is really what we want, were true.

And my question now is to you, why did you recommend this to your readers?

Yours,
X X X

(We feel this letter calls for an answer, as it betrays a seeming lack of understanding of art. One may not enjoy living in a world with people like this, but they exist; oh they exist! Erich von Stroheim knew his German Offizier and in any country there are people like this, ugly, crude, coarse, dullwitted, discourteous. Sometimes they command armies, sometimes they are merchants, and sometimes they edit newspapers. One may not like them but they exist; and it is great art which shows them as they are and brings them home.

It may not be what we want to see but

neither do we want to see Hamlet's misery or Othello's jealousy. This does not make Shakespeare "sheer distress," excepting to those whose ideas of art are bounded by chocolate box girls or Saturday Evening Post stories. Ed.)

O'CLO'

Old timers who knew Carmel as a village grieve sometimes that we are getting so dressy nowadays. Are we saying a gradual farewell to the comfortable and lovable informality of old knickers and o'clo' in general? Perhaps we must already begin to treasure as a beloved memory the picture of Beth Ingels at an evening concert at the Golden Bough, charming in her blue overalls and a white blouse, hands in pockets,—while Tilly Polak came magnificent in black velvet decolletage.

Five years from now that won't be done any more. We shall all be looking alike by then (or shan't we?) unless we wish to suffer the stigma of being called arty, or, worse still, "different." Being different is really on the highroad to being conspicuous,—which, in any good smooth well-oiled community,—is in itself a kind of immorality. For standardization is in our times the height of good morale.

Or so it is in cities, and is not yet here, —where we can still wear the clothes of last year or the year before and not care, not have to creep into a hole. Where it is still almost bad form to arrive at a tea-party with shoes too conspicuously shined.

Go up to San Francisco, or Chicago or New York and you find that folk in cities are still taking with extraordinary seriousness this matter of clothing. What a delicious fiction it is that they are really so important,—that it is socially compulsory to wear this year a dress cut so, and not so; that in order to keep American advertising going, and the turnover in the shops active, we must every year buy and wear such and such textiles, ornaments, shoes—gloves—hats made after dictated patterns.

More and more alike are women in their appearance in the machine age. The "lady" and her maid use the same cosmetics, adapt themselves with equal eagerness to the patterns set by Vogue and Vanity Fair. In one year nonchalance and an air of boredom are the fashion. Very well we will all look bored. We'll be nonchalant. Bad form to be over-expressive. Expression, and having something to express, are for the country folk. The city dictates the type.

Can Carmel resist this standardization? Shall we begin to clip our trees into shapes, and ourselves likewise? Or can we keep our sense of humor still, and continue to know what is unimportant?

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Books . . .

MORALS BASED ON SCIENCE

Science and Good Behavior, By H. M. Parshley, Sc. D., (Bobbs Merrill Co.) \$2.50

Churchly authority and traditional morals are becoming unfashionable as guides to conduct because, among other reasons, they provide no adequate means for adapting human habits to the changing technological aspects of environment. Having made this claim, the author then contends that ethics should be based upon scientific knowledge so that despite changing circumstances, conduct may ever tend more and more to satisfy the fundamental biologic urges and the psychologic needs arising from the uniquely elaborated human nervous system.

Dr. Parshley's competent statement of his position merits the highest admiration even though at times he inclines to oversimplification; as for example when he seems to assume that all scientists believe hunger, sex and fear to be the only primary urges to action. Also he seems to give objective validity to "facts" with a finality that may not be warranted. At any rate he leaves no room for the alternative theory that they are subjectively abstracted—for human purposes—from a continuous and chaotic bombardment of sense impressions which, according to William James, might appear to a child as a "great big bloomin' buzzin' confusion."

Then too, in his attacks on theologians and philosophers, the author overlooks the possibility that religion and philosophy may essentially be modes of private and personal adjustment to the mysteries of life, having survival value that is perverted and eventually lost when linked with ecclesiasticism or with any system of so-called universal and eternal truth.

It may be interesting to note in this connection that sometime about the middle of the last century, Dr. Parshley's theory was anticipated in many of its details by two religionists.

One of these, Patrick Edward Dove, in his Theory of Human Progression, shows why the sciences could not have been developed in any order other than that which we know; and he predicts an order of future development, with especial reference to ethics, that the passing years thus far seem to justify.

It may be recalled to, that the great non-ecclesiastical Swedenborgian, Henry James, father of the psychologist and of novelist, epitomized his own book entitled Society the Redeemed Form of Man, when he said "we must beseech science to tell us what are God Almighty's requirements of human nature."

In quite another field indeed the prejudices of this reviewer coincide with those of

THE CARMELITE, December 26, 1928

Dr. Parshley. I refer to his antagonism to prohibition; but it is not always easy to go with him to some of his minor conclusions as speedily as he desires. Be that as it may however, "any stigma is good to beat a dogma."

These few personal and perhaps prejudiced reactions of the author do not weaken or obscure his purpose to provide a sound basis for technical and moral optimism: In this he seems to be highly successful. As he justly says, "Our inspection of behavior brings us to the idea that science affords a promising foundation for the new ethics. . . And so let us be of good cheer and go on to look at our social problems in the spirit of the technician looking at a mechanical problem, or better, the physiologist looking at a vital problem,—just as if success might come. We shall learn something even if we fail to settle anything, and that is the way progress has been made."

—George A. Briggs.

The Oxford Book of Carols, By Percy Dearmer, Vaughn Williams, and Martin Shaw. Oxford University Press. \$2.50.

"The most interesting, the most inclusive, and the most useful collection of carols that has yet appeared," says the critics.

Dr. Dearmer believes that carols should be heard, not at Christmas week only, but all through the year, as in the old days. Their range is wide, including songs for various moods and tastes.

With seventy-two English and forty-one continental songs of early times the book concludes with a number of beautiful modern carols of Tchaikowsky, Brahms, and Peter Cornelius.

"This section alone would justify the book," says the reviewer, "thus running the whole gamut from our earliest to our latest Christmas songs." —C. H. B.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS

The "Well of Loneliness" by Radcliffe Hall, which we reviewed under the title "A Banned Book" in our issue of December 12th, has just been published in this country by Covici Friede, price five dollars.

* * * *

December "Bookman" has a story by Lincoln Steffens called "I make a Crime Wave" which is a chapter from the Autobiography he is writing.

* * * *

Robert Welles Richie, late of Pebble eBach and now Staff Correspondent for Nniversal Service, is sending daily bulletins from London to the Hearst papers on the health of the English king.

* * * *

Roan Stallion has been published in England by the Hograth Press.

Poems . . .

FALLEN BLOSSOMS

By Li Shang Yin (T'ang Dynasty.)

From the great darken'd mansion the
guests have departed;
The broad courtyards are silent and chill
in the dawn.
In the garden, deserted, the petals fall,
whirling,
And lie heap'd in confusion, neglected,
forlorn.

From the faraway hills come the first
gleams of morning,
But no gladness they bring to my soul
full of woe,
Which can no more be heal'd than can
these broken blossoms
Be recall'd to the bough where they
lately did blow.

My poor heart is broken, my eyes swollen
with weeping,
For I lavish'd love freely on fickle young
Spring.
Lo! She has departed, leaving sadness
behind her,
Where fast-fading blossoms to the
branches yet cling.

—Translated by Henry H. Hart.

ON READING KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Beginnings and ends of thoughts...
Doors half-opened into chill rooms with-
out a fire...
Breathless peeps into bewildering irised
gardens...
The sob of mouldered latch upon a lichend
door...
Quiver of lightning from a gold
eternity...
A sudden falling with a sense of wings
Over a golden western mesa-head...
And sleep.

—Grace Wallace.

ANALOGY

Today we think by analogy. We have
no terminology for the realm exolving
man is entering. A realm of unity, may
we call it? where all the sense seem to
converge; where we see sound, and hear
color, taste fragrance, and touch love.
So man resorts to the Analogy, which is
branded by certain philosophers as dan-
gerous, but which is yet a possible link
with the to-be, a possible way of com-
munication. Christopher Morley suggests
that "the whole of life, everything, all
we can observe or suspect, is one huge
analogy. The explanation if ever
attained, will be of unspeakable simple-
ness, it will be the infinity at which all
parallels meet... In moments of sanity,
we are convinced that a supreme unifying
simplicity underlies the whole riddle."

—G. H. B.

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Education . .

AN ADDITION TO THE PENINSULA

The Monterey Peninsula may not know it and the Realtors may never have become aware of one of their great assets: but this Peninsula has a little school which is as good of its kind as any such school anywhere.

In an old adobe house at the corner of Hartnell Street, Monterey, fifteen little children meet every morning at nine o'clock, children of from two to ten years of age, and there they "work" and live and play and learn, developing their creative faculties to an astonishing extent and adding to our knowledge of child life. The school is an experimental school and no one is quicker to learn from her experimenting than Mrs. Julia Breinig, its Director. This simple and understanding woman has a faculty for "getting" children, for directing their group activities without friction, and for adapting what she learns from the children from day to day, which is a delight to watch and a boon to any parent who has the gift to see.

The children have recently received their reports. These reports they helped to make themselves. One of the items, for example, is a report on politeness. The children selected Tommy as the most polite and gave him an A. No other child was as polite as Tommy, they decided, so the others went from B down. This is the report:

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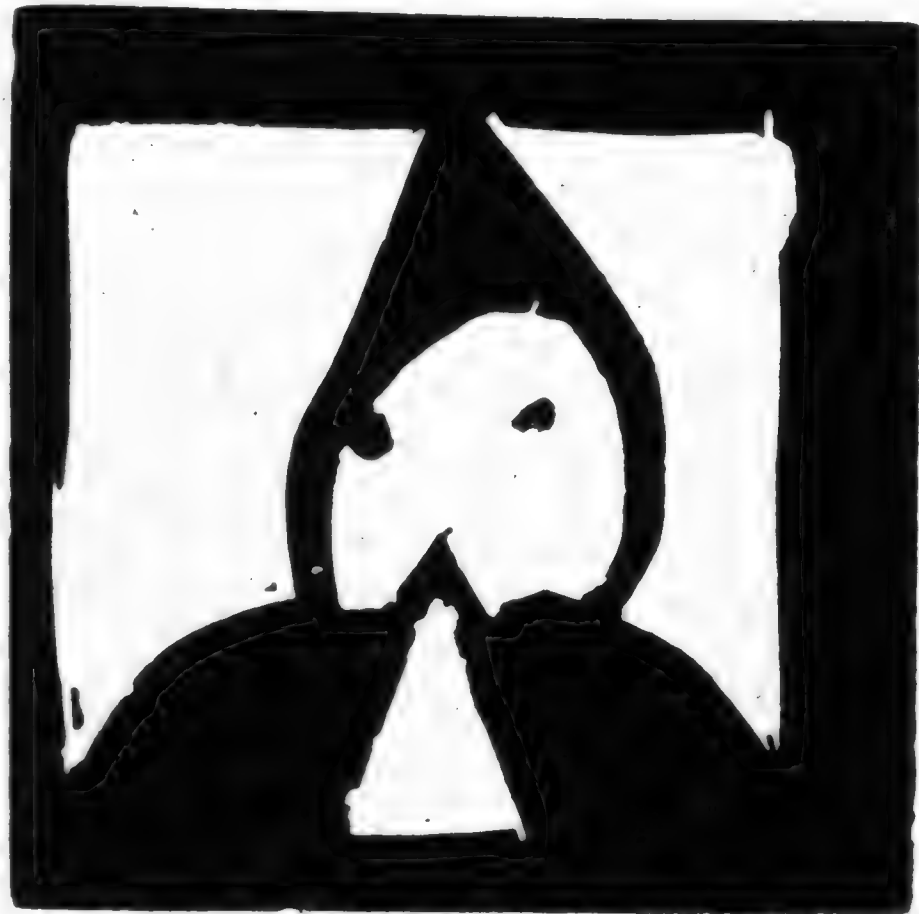
Social Achievements

1. Says "Please, Thank you, excuse me, good morning, goodbye."
2. Is friendly toward other children, does not quarrel.
3. Does not tattle.
4. Does not interrupt anyone needlessly.
5. Avoids doing or saying anything to annoy another.
6. Is willing to share school materials or own possessions.
7. Does not take or tamper with things belonging to another.
8. Conforms to group made rules.
9. Is obedient to those in authority.
10. Cooperates in group activities.
11. Thinks, chooses and acts independently.
12. Settles difficulties without quarreling or appealing to teacher.
13. Accepts responsibilities for his acts, right or wrong.

Free Activity Achievements

1. Self direction in selection of error while pursuits.

TWO CUTS FROM THE ADOBE SCHOOL SANTA CLAUS



Linoleum cut by Anne Martin (age 6)

THE BABE IN THE MANGER



Linoleum cut by Peter Breinig (age 5)

2. Uses materials for experimental investigation without supervision.
3. Sings spontaneously.
4. Listens quietly to music.
5. Expresses reactions to music.
6. Makes up games or sees new possibilities in old games.
7. Is contented to play alone at times.
8. Is observant of plants and flowers, watering and caring for them.
9. Waters, feeds, and is kind to pets and other animals.
10. Ability in handling and enjoying picture books.
11. Ability in participating in stories and conversations.
12. Ability in story dramatization.
12. Ability in using art materials—paint, pencil, crayon, clay.
14. Ability in block construction.
15. Ability in using carpenter tools.
16. Ability in using sewing materials.

Practical Efficiency

1. Puts on and removes wraps without loss of time, putting them in proper places.
2. Responds instantly to requests and signals without discussion.
3. Finds and replaces materials promptly.
4. Keeps floor clean, and table, and shelves in proper order.
5. Uses materials for experimental investigation and does not waste them.
7. Is careful with toys, apparatus, books, and things he has made.
8. Closes doors, moves furniture and walks quietly.
9. Engages heartily in work and play.
10. Concentrates on task in hand persevering in face of difficulty.
11. Asks help when necessary.
12. Performs errands satisfactorily.
13. Seeks information through observation and experimentation.
14. Uses well moderated speaking voice.
15. Consciously works for good enunciation and correct use of English.
16. Reads for thought.
17. Maintains good reading posture.
18. Enumerates accurately.

—Ella Winter.

DIET, NOT TOOTHBRUSH

Brushing your teeth after meals is not so important as eating the right food at your meals, as far as preventing tooth decay is concerned.

"If we could have early attention to small defects and correct diet, I believe we could almost wipe tooth troubles off the map, even if another toothbrush was never manufactured," declared the dentist, overthrowing the favorite idea of health educators that you must brush your teeth several times daily.

The old adage, "A clean tooth never decays," has about as much or as little truth as the one about the daily apple keeping the doctor away. Only such cleanliness as the surgeon uses in performing an operation would prevent tooth decay, and it is not possible to achieve surgical cleanliness in the mouth, said Dr. Davis. Brushing the teeth is a good habit, like a bath and washing the face, but as a means of preventing decayed teeth it has practically no value.

CLEANLINESS IN DAIRIES

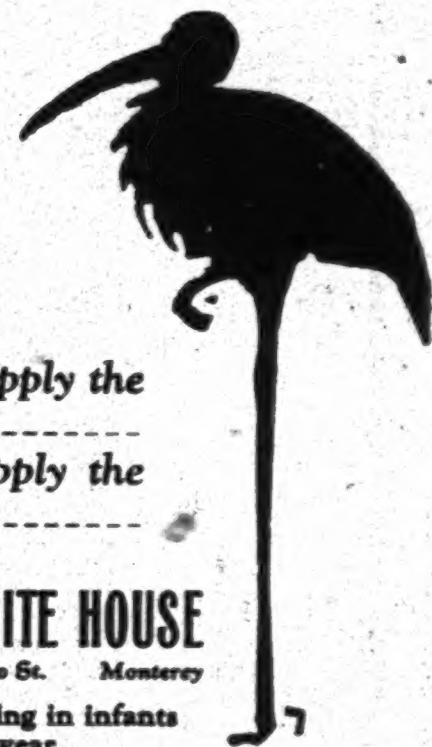
Cleanliness is the exception and not the rule in dairy establishments. Ordinary methods of cleaning leave a film of oil and sometimes a rough deposit, known as milk-stone, on tanks, pipe-lines, pasteurizers and other equipment. This occurs even when the washing compound used has the power of killing germs.

However, killing germs is not enough, for if traces of milk are left on the equipment, there is a chance for more germs to breed and get into the next batch of milk. Failure to clean thoroughly is the fault of the washing compounds in general use. The results of experiments made with several alkali compounds show crystalline tri-sodium phosphate to be the most satisfactory for really cleaning dairy equipment. However, this alkali should not be mixed with carbonate or bicarbonate.

—Science News Service



Linoleum cut by Stanley Wood



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baby -----
we supply the
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The Youngest Set

Sam Blythe and Frank Sheridan are old friends. Young John Sheridan is ten, and a student at the Del Monte Military Academy.

One day Mr. Blythe clapped young John on the shoulder, and said, "John, when you're a corporal, I'll give you a five dollar gold piece."

Two weeks later he received a letter as follows:

"Dear Mr. Blythe: This is to remind you of the five dollar gold piece. I am now a corporal."

Three days later another missive arrived, to wit:

"Dear Mr. Blythe: You needn't bother about the five dollar goldpiece. I am not a corporal."

(John had been demoted for climbing through a window to get his baseball glove).

* * *

Pete was given a "Kiddie-Gym" for Christmas. His uncle was putting it up and his Anna came to watch. Pete volunteered an explanation.

"Look Anna," he said, "This is going to be something you don't know."

FROM THE SUNSET SCHOOL

A MAN WHO WAS CAUGHT IN A TREE

Once upon a time a man was caught in a tree.

Then a fairy came along and said, "What are you there for?"

"Oh, I am caught," said the man to the fairy.

"You are? Well-I'll help you. Oh, look! There's a bear."

Then the bear said "You are not supposed to be there."

The fairy said, "Then hurry, little man. You will be eaten if you do not come."

"I can't," said the man.

"Oh, can't you?"

"No," said the man.

"Well, do not be cross to me. I didn't do anything to make you cross."

So the fairy helped the man out of the tree, and he was glad.

—Gail Johnson, Third Grade.

One evening, just as President Coolidge was retiring, a tall gentleman entered the room. He had a brown beard, brown curly hair, and a very kind look in his deep, dark eyes. He looked around the room and finally went over to a lamp on

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the wall. Mr. Coolidge, who had been curiously watching him, could stand the strain no longer, and broke the silence by saying:

"Who are you?"

"I am Abraham Lincoln," said the tall man. "My! what changes they have made since my day. How do you light those candles in those round globes?"

"There aren't any candles in those globes" replied Mr. Coolidge, "they have little wires in them, that are lighted by electricity."

"What is electricity?" asked Mr. Lincoln, much puzzled.

"Haven't you ever heard of electricity? It was discovered by Benjamin Franklin."

"Oh, yes, I have heard of Franklin. He was the man who tried to bottle lightning. I read about him when I was a boy."

"In my time they never had electric lights; they had only candles and lamps that burned kerosene. But my parents were too poor to burn kerosene or candles, so we got light from the fire place."

While Lincoln was talking Mr. Coolidge turned on the radio. "Where is that music coming from?" asked Lincoln, looking around the room and out the windows. "That comes from a radio," said Coolidge, and looked around the room for Lincoln. But Lincoln was nowhere to be seen; he had disappeared as though carried off by a gust of wind.

—Donald Tolle, 8th Grade.



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